

The Evening World.

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THE LINES STILL HOLD.

AS ELECTION NEWS clears up out of the confusion caused by the innumerable kinds of voting and systems of balloting placed on our necks, one fact emerges: Democratic lines still hold.

The Senate, so long the citadel of plutocracy and Mark Hannaism, maintains its power character and its Democratic majority unchanged. The present Congress lives until March 4. Its successor will be safely Democratic for two years more.

While we have had the usual mid-term convulsion, it has not resulted in overturning the control of the Government. The so-called Wilson policies, which were, after all, not Wilson policies but the policies of the Democratic party, will, therefore, have a working chance. Instead of legislative hodge-podge, a clear and definite plan of economic action can be put into effect. It will either work or not work. In any case it has not been condemned in advance.

As for the hullabaloo the Republicans have been making and will doubtless continue to make over the effect of the changed tariff on industries, he it noted that nobody has yet produced any industries that have been affected. Where are they?

"Tammany does not live on patronage," says Murphy. Just makes it a hobby, as it were.

THE B. R. T. SAYS "MAYBE."

THE B. R. T. flies a cautious flag of truce and tells exasperated Brooklyn citizens that perhaps it can overhaul traffic conditions and "make things right."

The Evening World's campaign in behalf of long-suffering, crowded patrons of this cheese-paring line has produced a change of time among B. R. T. officials. Notices have been sent out by traffic managers to eleven civic organizations in the southern section of Brooklyn inviting them to send representatives to a conference to-night in the car barn at Ninth avenue and Twentieth street. The associations will have committees on hand to state their grievances and demand an end to the barbarous practice of skimping equipment on busy lines.

Let Brooklyn rehearse for the hearing before the Public Service Commission next Monday, when complaints against the B. R. T. will be presented from all parts of the Borough.

Maybe to-night's meeting will help convince the Public Service Commission that its old friend has gone too far in outrageous treatment of the Brooklyn public. No promises and fair words will smooth things over this time.

City Court Justices voted this week to open trial terms after the summer recess on the second Monday in September instead of on the first Monday in October; also to hold sessions continually during each week of the court year, dispensing with the recurring recess at the end of the month.

This is in line with the new and commendable resolve of the Justices to relieve the badly crowded calendar, which, under the system of three months' vacations and half-day sessions, has gone from bad to worse.

The Justices recently adopted a 5 o'clock rule for daily sessions and drew up a special calendar which insures commercial cases a hearing within thirty days.

The Judges are not only speeding up court business but making work easier for themselves. In the long run the most comfortable way to get through any task is never to let it pile up arrears.

STAMP IT OUT.

THE country should be thankful that heroic measures have been taken to stamp out the foot and mouth disease in the Chicago stockyards. For the first time in its history the greatest cattle market in the world will be closed for ten days while infected animals are destroyed, pens cleaned and all rats killed.

The disease has broken out this fall with extraordinary virulence. Already Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland are under quarantine because of its presence. Prompt stamping out of infected marts brings temporary hardship to many, but it means the saving of immense confusion and loss sure to result if the disease were allowed to spread and get a hold on the whole country.

The packers promise that prices will not be perceptibly affected and assure us that there is plenty of meat in storage. There have been no cases of the disease in the West and from the West come most of the meat animals.

With Europe clamoring for food it behooves us to use foresight in guarding our supply. Better a few days' trifling shortage of meat than a whole winter of quarantine.

New York society women took a hand this week at boosting the "Made in America" movement by holding a fashion fête at which models displayed 125 American gowns worth \$70,000. Jewels worth \$800,000 are said to have been worn with the costumes. Nevertheless we hope the latter were not overlooked. The dresses are to be sold at auction and the proceeds given to destitute families of men fighting in the war.

Leaders of fashion should do more than buy these gowns to give away. It is easy to construct American made costumes of beauty and price. Living pocketbooks can readily purchase them. But to make them permanently "the style" women of social importance must wear them. Does society mean to go that far?

Hits From Sharp Wits

The reason some people call life a vale of tears is because they can't see the sunshine on the mountainside.

If there were more optimism and less critical things generally would be better—Deseret News.

One's strength is in knowing one's weakness.

What is coming to a man is not what he wants—Library Journal.

Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Kettner



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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HE doesn't look like a man who'd give you any trouble, or any money, either," said Mrs. Blodger, turning toward the veteran's widow.

For Mrs. Sam Smunk, born Amelia Fodder, with Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Blodger, were in the front room of Mrs. Blodger's Philadelphia home scrutinizing the reflection of a skinny, stoop shouldered old man with long sandy chin whiskers who stood on the doorstep below ringing the bell.

The reflection was in that arrangement of mirrors, held out over the street on a cast iron bracket, that are such a feature of Philadelphia life. They are known locally as "busy-bodies."

"And by their side the curious Philadelphia housewife can see all that is going on in the street below without projecting half her body out

of the window, as in the more direct method in Harlem.

"It's my husband's brother, Jared Smunk, the retired Government printer from Washington. I know it," said the veteran's widow. "I suppose he's come to rob me of my little all."

"He can't rob you of your pension, can he?" asked Mrs. Blodger with some asperity. "There wasn't any other effects left by the deceased except an old keywinder silver watch with a steel chain and part of a bullet that had been shot into it in the war."

But Mr. Jared Smunk, the retired Government printer, bore no ill-tidings or grudges, either. It proved.

"Well, you're a slapping fine woman wider!" he cackled to Mrs. Blodger. "Excuse me, I am not the widow," said Mrs. Blodger. "Is it you, then,

"May our Lord long reign While the sun for a thousand years shall shine! Hail, our Lord! May his glory never wane! Firm as a rock our faith be thine."

In the Japanese the song is much more impressive than this translation, which has necessarily sacrificed a good deal of the picturesque imagery to the exigencies of English rhyme. The sentiment of the first verse of the original is something like this:

"May the Imperial reign last for thousands of generations, until the pebbles in the river become big rocks covered with moss."

The music is founded on a melody by Hayashi Hironori; and, strange as it may seem, possesses a world charm, even to our ears.

The favorite marching song of the Japanese troops is the famous "Shimada" that became so popular in the

"Rise, men, onward! O, ye Sons of the Rising Sun! Soldiers, keep step in marching! One, two, three, etc."

There were also several excellent war songs written during the Russo-Japanese war by Dr. Shochi Toyama of the Tokyo Imperial University, who founded the new style of Japanese poetry. His song of the navy is loved by all the sailors. It begins:

"The banner of the Rising Sun that glitters in the morning ray, And the warships of the Empire that shine bright, Defend, oh, defend our dearest coast!"

Toyama also wrote a battle song called "Onward! Onward! Ye Sons of the Rising Sun." It contains the noble lines:

"Rise, men, onward! O, ye Sons of the Rising Sun! Soldiers, keep step in marching! One, two, three, etc."

It also does not hesitate in other verses to abuse the foe and call him all sorts of names, as for instance:

"Know ye not that our enemy is an infamously mean of cowardly deed?"

Mrs. Jarr Meets a New Friend Who Has Certain Odd "Weights"

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OR YOU?" asked Mr. Jared Smunk. "Well, you are all slapping women! How much do you weigh, hey?"

And before Mrs. Jarr could resist the little old man had seized her by her elbows and had lifted her.

"A-bout one hundred and thirty, I should say," he added as he set the surprised Mrs. Jarr down. "Now, sister-in-law—"

For, by the dull, solemn look on the face of her who had been Amelia Fodder for some forty-five years the retired Government printer now seemed to realize which was the recent relic of his late brother. Besides, Amelia Smunk, as she was now, was in deep mourning. Before he could be stopped or stayed the leather-faced old man had lifted his sister-in-law and pronounced her weight to be a hundred and eighty-nine pounds, and then he also weighed Mrs. Blodger and stated she "ran about the same."

"As I write you," he went on with a cackle. "I thought I'd run down and see you and see how much you weigh. They won't even let me Shylock around the Government Printing Office any more. They got these mutual benefit societies, now, even in the Government Printing Office. Why, I used to Shylock a hundred a week clear; 30 per cent. a week and up was my rate!"

It was evident, even to the ladies, that the word "Shylock" meant a printing office money lender. Money lenders have money.

The ladies warmed to Uncle Jared, and he playfully hefted them again to see if they had gained in weight since his coming among them. And Mrs. Blodger invited him to go on the proposed trip to Atlantic City.

His "weight" with the ladies was not the only oddity he was to display, it transpired.

Nectarine Nolan marries Paul, against the advice of her entire set of parents—and sure enough he turns out to be as citreous as they surmised. After a year he deserts her. See? And she, having been struck from her father's list of subscribers, is left in poverty with a child.

In a black Chinese crepe gown (\$2.75 per yard) cut decollete in front and scandalous in back, she staggers to her father's door, sporting the kid as collateral.

We had to have a cute infant, because it was up to him to win over his granddad. So we hired one for fifty cents an hour from an Italian woman who lives in a shack a couple of blocks from the studio.

Gee, he was a swell baby! Only he looked too healthy to be pathetic. He went through the scene grand. Not a squeal. But when it was time to fork him over to his ma, believe me, Chae, there was something doing! Do you know that blooming little racial wouldn't leave my arms? No sir. Carried on like a Comanche Indian—raised the roof—upset all the other scenes that were being took and finally ended by making his old woman go home and get his bowl of spaghetti, and feed him his lunch on my lap! Only eight months old, and swallowed the stuff like a veteran without choking or getting tangled up in the streamers once!

Well, I was tickled to death to think the brat took such a fancy to me, but after a while I got to pondering that maybe that bunch'd get a idea I had designs on their son and heir; and I ain't lookin' for no mash notes signed with a extended, sable mitt, in mine, thank you! I have a life insurance policy, mind you, and what do you think those insurance parties eat me for?

Gee, how I've wandered from the text! What I started out to tell you was entirely different. It's what happened day before yesterday when we was filming the fourth reel of "The Persimmon" or "The Persimmon of Persimmon."

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Greatest Battles in War History

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 37—BALAKLAVA; Russia Against Turkey, France and England.

RUSSIA was at war with the allied forces of England, France, Turkey and Sardinia. The time was 1854, the scene the Crimean Peninsula.

A British force under Lord Raglan had landed in the Crimea in September and had seized the fortified seaport of Balaklava, eight miles south of Sebastopol. Balaklava was made the allies' headquarters in their siege of Sebastopol and was such an important base of supplies for them that the Russians made every effort to recapture it.

A Russian army under Gen. Liprandi moved against Balaklava on Oct. 25, 1854. The vanguard was made up of great masses of cavalry, upon whose onslaught Liprandi relied to hammer a path through the allied forces into the town. Vorontsov Ridge and a second line of hills lay between the Russians and their goal. The ridge was defended by a Turkish force, whose position was strengthened by a line of big guns. Behind them, in the valley, the British were stationed.

The Russian cavalry charged Vorontsov ridge. The Turks made a pitiful showing. After a feeble defense they fled pell-mell, leaving their artillery in the enemy's hands. Over the ridge and down into the Balaklava Plain swarmed the victorious Russians. There they clashed with the British and found a very different type of opponent from the Turks.

The Heavy Brigade (made up largely of Scotchmen) charged the oncoming Russian center. There were five minutes of hand-to-hand fighting, at the end of which the shattered Russian ranks fled back to the safety of the ridge. The charge of the Heavy Brigade was the most important feature of the whole battle of Balaklava and accomplished far more than did any other move in the fight. Its fame has been eclipsed by the later "Charge of the Light Brigade," a spectacular blunder that accomplished nothing.

While the Heavy Brigade was charging a disengaged portion of the Russian cavalry hurried itself on the Ninety-third Highlander Regiment. It was in referring to the Highlanders' defense that the phrase "thin red line" was coined. The "thin red line" of Highlanders met the furious charge without flinching and greeted the advancing cavalry with so deadly a fusillade that the Russians were driven back, like their fellows, to the ridge top.

Lord Raglan, the British commander-in-chief, saw a small body of Russians attacking a Turkish gun battery. He sent one of his aides, Capt. Nolan, to the Light Brigade (a cavalry force, 673 strong, led by Lord Cardigan) with the following order:

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance to the front and try to prevent the enemy from carrying away the guns."

This order was transmitted to Lord Lucan. Lucan notified Cardigan, who was his brother-in-law and whom he hated. The guns referred to by Raglan were invisible from the side of the valley where the Light Brigade was stationed. The only guns in sight were those of a big battery in the heart of the Russian army a mile and a half away. Toward these—urged by Lucan and Nolan—Cardigan launched the Light Brigade.

Across open ground, between two ridges bristling with Russian batteries, charged the Light Brigade. Cardigan at its head. It was easy enough to advance, for the amazed Russians could not imagine that this merry band of yelling, galloping Englishmen had any serious designs on so huge a force.

Into the Russian ranks, straight through to the twelve-gun battery, crashed the Light Brigade. The guns were surrounded. Some of them were spiked. Then, to escape utter destruction, the British rode back. But now from both ridges and from the Russian line they had just broken—"Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them; cannon behind them volleyed and thundered."

The mad riders were mowed down like grain. When the survivors reached their own army 247 men and 497 horses lay dead along their line of retreat. Grim old Gen. Boequet of the French detachment, watching the crazy charge, muttered:

"C'est magnifique! Mais ce n'est pas la guerre!" ("It is magnificent! But—it is not War!")

Cardigan escaped without a scratch: only to break his neck a few years later by a fall from a stumbling horse in an English lane.

The battle ended, the Russians failing to capture Balaklava, but still holding the ridge they had gained. Says one official chronicler: "The result of the day was thus unfavorable to the allies. But the two cavalry charges and the fight of the Ninety-third Highlanders gave it all the prestige of a victory."

Slogans of Success.

By Haven Conklin.

NO man ever grew rich on poor excuses.
NO success machine satisfactorily will run backward unless it is equipped with a "reverse gear."
If you would see success, be the man who puts the "I" in "Ideas."

LIFE is a game played with both stakes and mistakes.
MOST of the "room at the top" is made by those who go to sleep there and roll off.
THE pitfalls of business are filled with the men who "didn't look where they were going."

The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 3444—Cape Gown, 34 to 42 Bust.

childen velvet or of fancy silk.
For the medium size the gown will require 7 1/2 yards of material 27, 5 1/2 yards 34, 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards 37 for the blouse and trimming, width of skirt at lower edge 3 yards and 10 inches before plait is laid.

Pattern No. 3444 is cut in sizes from 34 to 48 inches bust measure.

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